GOING "ABROAD at HOME"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THERE'S a call out for the woman who writes all those travel books which have been published from time to time under the title of "So You're Going to ....." (the blank space being for the name of some foreign country). If she wants to do it, she can write a combination volume which will be a guide book to more than a dozen of them and the title of it might well be "So You're Going to Chicago."

Which is by way of saying that this summer thousands of Americans are "going abroad at home" by visiting the second edition of the big show which the middle western metropolis put on last summer. For the outstanding feature of the 1934 Century of Progress exposition is the foreign villages which now stand on the shores of Lake Michigan. Unlike other world's fairs where you got your idea of what a certain foreign country was like by inspecting a formal "exhibit" of some of the products, handicraft, etc., of that land, this year's exposition in Chicago offers you a "grand tour" of four continents concentrated in less space than a township in your home county, where in the transplanted bits of more than a dozen foreign lands you can hobnob with their people and breathe in the very atmosphere of their everyday life.

Of the four continents represented by villages at the fair, Europe has the greatest number. A visit to the English village is more than a trip across the Atlantic to call on our British cousins. It means also a journey back into the past—to that Merrie England of the Sixteenth century made glamorous by the writings of several immortals who lived in those far-off times. The "tourist" enters it through a replica of the Tower of London, before whose portals stand stalwart guards, typical English "beef-eaters," whose stern visages and gleaming halberds remind him of the dark deeds that the Tower has seen, of the fate that there befell gallant Sir Walter Raleigh and lovely Anne Boleyn and many another luckless notable.

But once inside the village he soon forgets those gloomy memories. For over here is the cottage of Ann Hathaway, to which more than once across the fields of Stratford-on-Avon came her sweetheart, young Will Shakespeare, as yet unconscious of the fame that was to be his. There is a replica of Haddon Hall, home of the lovely Dorothy Vernon, whose tempestuous career was rescued from the obscurity of history in the pages of Charles Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower." And not far away is the replica of Stoke Pogis church where Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and another of Sulgrave Manor, ancestral home of the Washingtons.

If the "tourist" is weary from much sightseeing and a bit dizzy by being carried bodily back into the atmosphere of Ye Olden Tyme, he can say, in the words of the poet, "I will take mine ease in mine inn." For over there is a tavern "at the sign of the Cheshire Cheese" and when he enters he will find himself in distinguished company. The ghosts of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his alter ego, James Boswell, haunt this raftered room in the inn, for here are such chairs as those in which the famous doctor and his cronies sat, as well as the tables from which they ate their rare roast beef and kidney pie and drank their nut-brown ale.

To leave England and go to Ireland does not involve a trip across the stormy Irish sea. Instead a minute's walk up the Midway takes the "tourist" back to the "ould sod"—a village of more than a score of buildings ranging from the simplest thatched cottage to a replica of Tara's hall, famed in song and story as the meeting place of the ancient Irish kings, clergymen, princesses and bards.

Walk across the street from this historic palace (Watch out! That jaunting car just barely missed you!) and you'll find yourself in Dinty Moore's Pub, one of the most famous bars of Dublin, with its sawdust covered floor and rough wooden benches. As you drink a toast to the spirit of the Emerald Isle there drifts in through the windows the sounds of music and you hurry out to join the throng gathering in the village green where a group of jolly Irish lads and colleens are dancing jigs and reels to the accompaniment of bagpipe and harp.

Or if you're a serious-minded "tourist" and haven't time to waste on watching such frivolities, over there is a group of weavers demonstrating the manufacture of Irish linen, poplin and lace, and in another place you can try to decipher the Latin text of the Book of Kells, the illuminated copy of the Gospel, said to be the finest example of early Christian art of its kind, and containing also local Irish records dating back to the Eighth century. But whether you're serious-minded or not, don't forget to kiss the Blarney Stone (Yes, there's a piece of it here) before you leave this village. Faith, and 'twill be a wonderful help to you in both social and business affairs.

So you depart from the British Isles and five minutes later you're in Holland—in the land of Dutch windmills and dykes and canals and tulips. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" you ask that rosy-cheeked girl as she clatters along the cobbled street in her wooden shoes, swinging a pail on her arm. "I'm going a-milking, sir," she may or may not reply. But anyway if you follow her, you'll see a Dutch farm house with its immaculately kept cow-stable, opening into family living quarters, with its tile-lined mangers and other furnishings that would not be out of place in a modern American home.

But don't spend too much time here in Queen Wilhelmina's land, for you're due over in the Black Forest of Germany, in a village called the "Schwarzwalder Dorf." There, no matter how blazing the sun may be on the Midway, you'll find mid-winter weather and you'll enjoy the novel experience of outdoor ice skating in the middle of summer. Against a background of synthetic-snow-covered mountains (they were built to order and contain more than 15 tons of steel, 90,000 feet of lumber and 2,000 yards of plaster) you'll see typical German houses, their roofs mantled with snow (synthetic) and with icicles (also synthetic) hanging from their eaves.

Over there you see—but the little door on that cuckoo clock hanging on the wall has flown open and the cuckoo is telling you that it's time to resume your "tour" to that Swiss village that nestles at the foot of the snow-covered Alps (synthetic, of course). That clear, high-pitched call you hear as you enter is a Swiss yodeler saluting his native mountains (for, in truth, the illusion of these man-made Alps is almost perfect).

This village is a reproduction of the older parts of the city of Berne, capital of Switzerland, and some of Berne's historic past is symbolized in the presence of two brown bears, the gift of the Swiss city to Chicago, who will find a permanent home in the Lincoln park zoo after the 1934 Century of Progress exposition is over.

If you're tired of snow and high mountains by this time, in a minute or two you can be in sunny Italy. You enter it through a replica of the entrance gate to the little town of Signa. But once inside the village you find it's more than one Italian town. Here is a replica of the leaning garrisenda tower of Bologna. Over there is the home of Christopher Columbus in Genoa. You cross the Plaza Benito Mussolini and walk up and down the Via Marconi and the Via Cristoforo Colombo which flank the square. You visit the ancient Roman temple of Apollo and back of that you stand on a balustraded piazza overlooking the Courtile Italo Balbo, surrounded by an arcaded loggia. Through it you enter the principal restaurant where, as you eat your spaghetti, ravioli and minestrone, you look out over the blue waters of Lake Michigan and fancy that you are looking upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

A short steamer voyage on the Mediterranean (in fancy) and you're in Spain where you wander through the halls of the famous Poblett monastery which dates back to the Eleventh century and houses the famous Virgin of Pilar. You inspect other historic castles and buildings from the six most famous provinces of Spain and again you take ship for another voyage on the Mediterranean (a "magic carpet" one, of course).

This time Africa is your goal—there to visit the Oasis, a Mediterranean village of North Africa, or the Tunisian village peopled by Arab sheiks, Bedouin tribesmen and African craftsmen demonstrating their arts and handicraft. From Africa the "tourist" heads next for Asia, for the Streets of Shanghai, a colorful reproduction of one section of that international Chinese port. Pagoda towers, eight stories high and painted in brilliant hues, mark the entrance to a colony of typical Chinese buildings, including a Confucian temple, a theater, an art gallery, shops and restaurants.

It would take you weeks to make your way across the Pacific ocean from China to Mexico if you were a real tourist. But as a "tourist" at the world's fair it is only a few minutes walk from the Streets of Shanghai to the Mexican village, with its replicas of the Acatapec church, the Amecameca chapel and the cathedral of Cuernavaca. But don't let the easy-going, "noco tiempo" atmosphere hold you in its spell too long. It's almost time to end your "world tour" and come back to your own, your native land.

But when you do, when you enter the village that stands for America's part in this congress of villages of the world, it won't be the America of everyday life that you know. For, as was the case in the English village, you'll be transported back two centuries or more the moment you enter the Colonial village. It's American history come to life. It's living in the past while remaining in the present.

Dominating the village is the tall spire of Old North Church in whose belfry tower hung the lantern ("One if by land and two if by sea") which sent Paul Revere riding furiously northwestward that April night nearly 160 years ago. Paul's house is there, too, as is the old Massachusetts state house. That little building over there is the print shop of a young man named Ben Franklin. In that house lives Betsey Ross, busy with her needle and thread on a new flag of Red and White and Blue—just such a flag as floats gently in the breezes from Lake Michigan at the top of the tall flag pole which stands in the middle of the village.

Here is the House of Seven Gables, the Witches House, the Pirate Gaol, the Village Smithy (Yes, there's a "spreading chestnut tree") the Pilgrim Settlement, a Colonial Kitchen and a Wayside Inn. Over there is the Governor's Palace, the Virginia Tavern and Wakefield, where George Washington was born. You walk across the Village Green and mount the steps of Mount Vernon. You pass on through this stately mansion to the colonial gardens in the rear, then out into the blazing sunlight and noise of the Midway. You blink your eyes as though waking up from a dream. This is Chicago and 1934 and not Virginia and 1775. And then you remember: in three or four hours, you've been around the world. You've been "going abroad at home."

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Report New Death Ray; to "Broadcast" Disease

Announcement has been made that a new death ray has been discovered by British scientists. Here is something, provided the scientists have made no mistake, which should bring peace with a vengeance. Meanwhile we must be content with the novelty of the thought. Not that the thought is original, but at last we have some reason to believe that it soon may be translated into practical form.

The alleged ray is devilish enough to satisfy the most exacting and refined homicidal complex. It can, if reports are true, be employed to transmit the germinating qualities of bacteria over great distance, or, to put it more succinctly, to broadcast disease.

Just picture to yourself the prestige of an operator who could send some deadly affliction from England to France, or even to America, while sitting safely in a little cage at London.

His prestige wouldn't last very long, of course, because the whole world would set out to find a preventive. There must be a preventive, you realize, otherwise this death ray would have exterminated all of us long ago.

Finally, and most consoling, the reported discovery may be just some more bunk. Every so often we hear about the advent of a new death ray. No less than a dozen have been advertised since the World war, but somehow they have failed to materialize.

The strangest part of it all is that men should continue to hunt for a death ray, just as if the race were not already in possession of a sufficient number of variety of murderous devices.

Obviously, the killer complex still flourishes. Though somewhat squeamish about messy, old-fashion methods of slaughtering each other we are not prepared to give up the basic idea. What we really crave is refinement on the one hand and a reduction of risk on the other. Repugnance to the ancient style of hand to hand combat has played some part in perfecting war engines.

You don't get the intimate reactions from dropping a gas bomb or poisoning a water system that you do from seeing a foe die at your feet, nor does the prospect of getting killed by a bit of stray vapor or an unwary drink seem half so disagreeable as that of expiring under the bloodshot eyes of an enraged enemy.

A flood in China does not seem half as horrible as one close at home—which should reveal the comfort of broadcasting death. It would take the sting out of strife if we could sit safely down on this side of the Atlantic while sending death by air to people on the other side. No doubt they would return us the compliment, but even so the crude, personal element would be lacking.

One wonders if there ever will come a time when men will realize that certain discoveries are not worth making, or that intelligence can serve a better purpose than perfecting instruments of murder.—M. E. Tracy, in the New York World-Telegram.

Banner of the Alamo May Return to Texas

The historic banner of the Texan volunteers, who defended the Alamo against the onslaught of Gen. Santa Ana's troops in 1837, may be returned to Texas if the efforts of Texas patriotic societies are successful. The banner has been in a glass case in the National Museum of Mexico for nearly a century. Once of brilliant sky blue, it is disintegrading and fading despite the protection of the museum case.

The flag was captured by the Fourth attack column, commanded by Col. Juan Morales, who later figured prominently in resisting American orders to evacuate Vera Cruz in 1847. The column was made up of the old Seventh and Twelfth Infantry regiments in what was known as the Jimenez battalion, with several companies of snipers and cavalry troops. It advanced on the Alamo, defended by the Texan volunteers, after Texas had declared its independence of Mexico.

In the first assault on the Alamo, from the flagpole of which flew the banner, three color sergeants of the Mexican army were shot to death while attempting to remove the banner and replace it with the Mexican tri-color. The banner has on it the inscriptions: "First Company of Texan Volunteers. God and Liberty. From New Orleans."

Quite a Runabout

The most expensive car in the world belongs to the shah of Persia. The switchboard and steering gear are studded with diamonds, sapphires and rubies, and the clockwork is inlaid with gems. The car, a phaeton model unholstered in blue leather, cost $125,000.

Interesting Point in Ascertaining Real Age

Dr. Serge Voronoff, the eminent gland specialist, is credited with the belief that he has perfected a method of physical examination which will establish one's exact age. Apparently it is not the method used with a tree, of sawing through the trunk and counting the rings, for Zaro Agha, the ancient Turk, has consented to undergo it, or so the United Press has reported from Istanbul.

It will be interesting to learn the result of the examination. Zaro Agha, it may be remembered, came to this country four years ago as a subsidized exhibit of what total abstinence did for a person.

A different recipe for longevity was that of Mrs. Belle Rhynes, of Savannah, Ga., who died a short time ago at the reputed age of one hundred and twenty-three years. She attributed her survival to the fact that she had smoked a pipe since she was eleven years old. Somewhat along the same line was the testimony of Peter Pollen, of Trinidad, who celebrated his one hundredth birthday by diving into a rushing stream and swimming thirty-five yards under water. In the tropics, he advised, drink rum and smoke a pipe.

If only Doctor Voronoff's test might determine scientifically not only how old such human antiquities were, but why, it would spare us many a controversy.—Literary Digest.

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Mr. COFFEE-NERVES fails to outwit Cupid

WELL—IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP! YOU CERTAINLY KEPT ME WAITING!
WHY, JOE—WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME!
THERE SHE GOES—STARTING AN ARGUMENT WHEN YOU'RE SO ALL IN YOU CAN SCARCELY STAND UP!
YOU KNOW, JOE, I THINK YOU'RE DRINKING TOO MUCH COFFEE. NO WONDER YOU'RE SO JITTERY!
OH, I'VE ALWAYS DRUNK A LOT OF COFFEE. IT NEVER BOTHERED ME!
THAT'S RIGHT—DON'T LET HER BOSS YOU AROUND!
MR. COFFEE NERVES
I MEAN IT, JOE! YOU'VE GROWN SO MEAN AND IRRITABLE! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP COFFEE AND DRINK POSTUM FOR 30 DAYS? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.
CURSE THE GIRL... SHE'LL GUM UP MY PLANS IF SHE DOESN'T KEEP QUIET!
OH... I'M ALL RIGHT!
MR. COFFEE NERVES
IT'S A NOTE FROM MARY.... BREAKING OUR DATE. GEE—SHE MUST HAVE MEANT THAT ABOUT MY BEING MEAN AND IRRITABLE! MAYBE I AM DRINKING TOO MUCH COFFEE... I'D BETTER TRY POSTUM...!
AW, SHUCKS! AND JUST WHEN I ALMOST HAD THEIR ENGAGEMENT SMASHED! NOW I'LL HAVE TO WORK ON SOMEBODY ELSE!
MR. COFFEE NERVES
30 DAYS LATER....
MARY, DARLING—DO YOU LIKE ME ANY BETTER NOW!
JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND AND THOUGHTFUL SINCE YOU GOT RID OF YOUR HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION! I'M GLAD YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

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